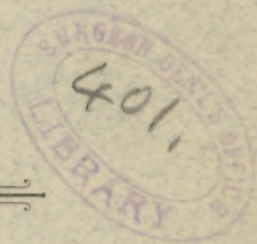
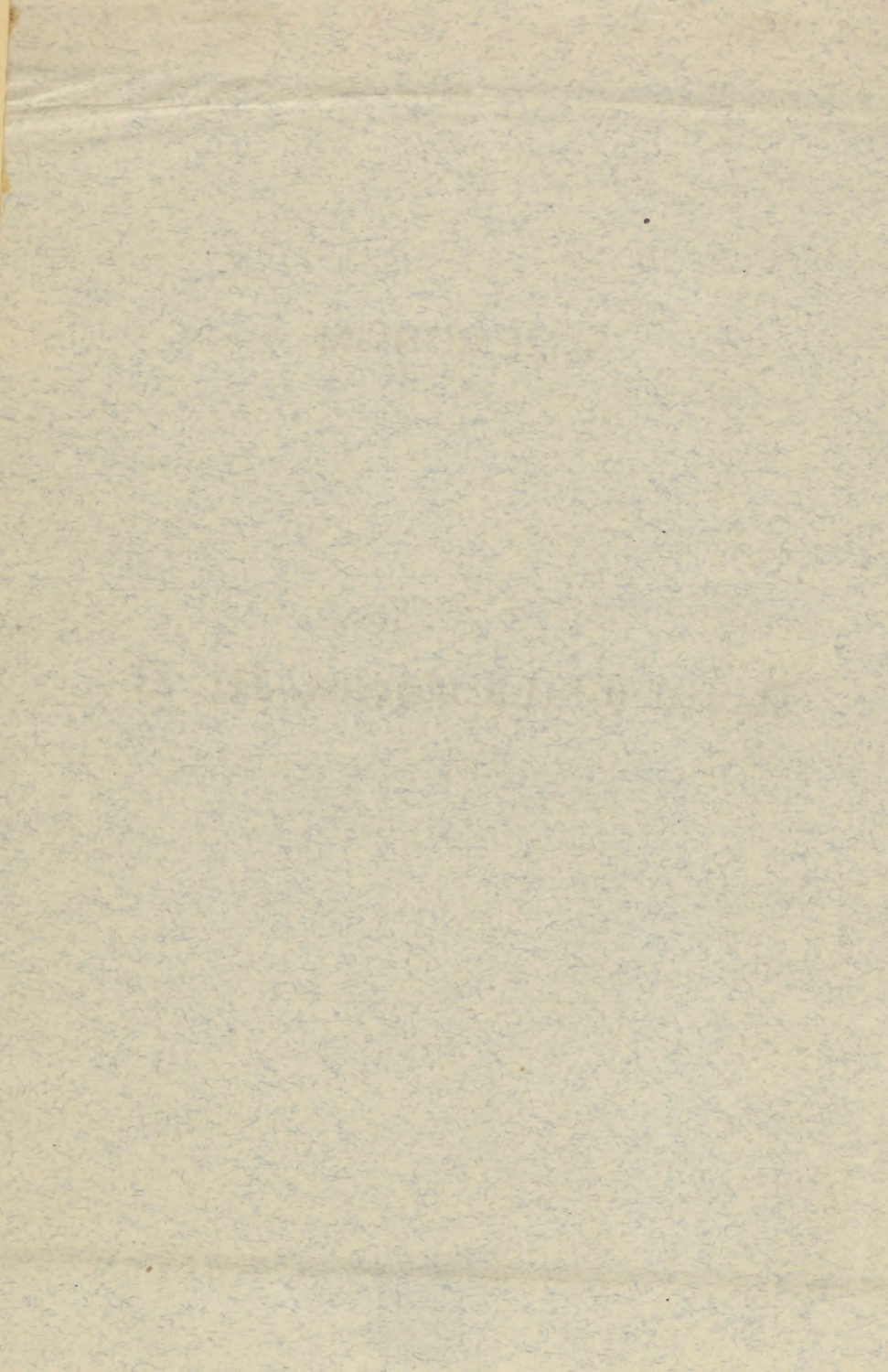


Mc. LEAN (MALCOLM)

IN MEMORIAM

David Clark Cocks, M. D.





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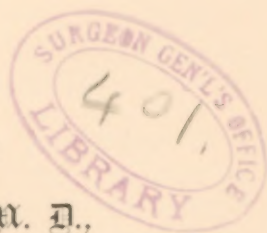


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IN MEMORIAM

David Clark Cocks, M. D.,

BY

MALCOLM McLEAN, M. D.



BROTHERS of the Medical Profession, we are assembled together here to-night to pay an humble and inadequate tribute of respect to the memory of one of our number, who was not only a professional brother, but also to most of us a dear and faithful friend. One whose friendship was so lasting and sincere, that it was indeed a golden heritage much to be desired—and one of whom I may be permitted to say, that his general kindness to all was such that he must have, indeed, been unworthy, who could have fallen so low as to have suffered his illwill.

Firm, steady, true to his principles and convictions Dr. David C. Cocks was a man whose characteristic virtues, every true man might well seek to emulate.

Born of a sturdy stock of those good, old timed people who considered it a glory and not a calamity to bring up a godly circle of children, assembling like the flourishing palm branches round about their table, he was soon launched forth in this busy world of jostling humanity to make a name for himself.

Having graduated from the College of the City of New York at the age of 21 years, he entered the Bellevue Hospital Medical College in 1872, and graduated in 1874.

Denying himself the very desirable advantages of a hospital experience, he at once settled down to private practice in this section of the city, and devoted himself with all his splendid faculties to the profession of his choice.

No tenement roof covered a patient so poor and good-for-nothing as to be shut out from his gentle ministrations. No dark and unhappy abode of misery so forbidden as to prevent the bright rays of his sun-shiny presence from casting their brightening beams within. Prompt, indeed, to duty's call, his services were the more valued, in that they were rendered with simplicity, sincerity, and without delay. He always acted as though he most fully appreciated that "he gives twice who gives quickly."

And to this virtue—for virtue it is—I think that much of the success could be attributed, which was attained by our departed friend and companion.

In addition to his generous, whole hearted promptness to perform his duties, he possessed, to a rare degree, that cardinal virtue which made him an invaluable counsellor, and the staunchest of friends when a friend was needed. I refer to his almost unparalled *fortitude*. No man whom I have had the fortune to meet could show more calm, unshaken courage when confronted with any emergency or difficulty, and it will always stand out in our recollection of his noble character, as a strong buttress, making firm and reliable the whole fabric of his great natural worth.

As a consequence we would naturally look in such a man for perseverance and zeal; and indeed they *were* conspicuous traits which were well known to all who ever saw him. No difficulty seemed to him insurmountable, and if in the nature of things he was ever doomed to be defeated, it was only after he had faithfully tried every reasonable resource with which to avert the disastrous end.

His zealous devotion to his profession would not permit him to be careless, indifferent, or in any way negligent of the smallest details of his work. Everything to him was worth his most earnest application, and hence he never sank to mediocrity, but made his mark brighter and higher as the years rolled by, all too quickly for his busy life's opportunities. While he was an excellent business man in the management of his affairs—money, and the getting of it, was the last consideration. First, and *always* first, was his high estimation of the responsibilities he felt that he owed to his patients. Tender, faithful and true, he devoted himself to the work that was set before him—repaying himself again and again in the assurance that no sordid motive ever stayed his helping hand from ministering to the poor, nor led him to the rich.

Thus through years of patient, self-sacrificing toil in a laborious profession, he served the community with untiring zeal and devotion, in every branch of our calling doing his work *well*.

Never shall we meet a man with a more liberal foundation in a general knowledge of medicine, with which, or upon which to build a special reputation in a distinct branch of our art. In the field of general surgery, Dr. Cocks was equipped, not only with a good appreciation of the best

rules for guidance, but also with a fund of useful knowledge the outgrowth of a fearless and faithful attention to anything that crossed his path. In obstetrics and gynecology he was able to apply his solid good sense, and he could ably assist in the most delicate and complicated cases in this department. In general medicine he had the sterling qualities of an accurate diagnostician combined with a progressive and most capable therapist. Of such material was developed the ripe, well-balanced, and thorough specialist, who brought to his specialty such a rich fund of general medical and surgical experience, combined with the well-trained mind of an earnest student, that ophthalmology not only shed its rays of glory on his fame; but was itself the gainer by the enlistment in its foremost ranks of such a faithful representative.

Keenly alive to all of the rapid advances in his art, our departed brother never lost an opportunity to keep abreast with his profession—and indeed not infrequently he could be seen pressing well to the front with all the vigor of his manly character.

What he may have missed in his student days—if we for designation, may confine that term to his earliest years—he rapidly gained as his course ran on.

The influence of his worth was soon felt, and he was appointed to honorable stations in the Randall's Island Hospitals. The New York Eye and Ear Infirmary and other institutions, which he served with fidelity and unflagging interest. And when the record of his skill became an added lustre to the profession of our great city, his Alma Mater crowned his noble efforts with an appointment to a Lecturer's Chair in his favorite specialty of Ophthalmology.

Who may ever know with what noble aspirations he contemplated this new career, which was now about to dawn for him. Alas! it seemed as though his short life had been so crowded with unselfish deeds of usefulness, with so much nobility of purpose, with so ripe and fruitful experience, that this last honor was to be but the laurel to a returning general who had finished his campaign.

Death, that last great enemy of man, had at last turned his unrelenting gaze upon him who had so often faced him boldly as the champion for another's life. On Tuesday, January 14th, 1890, after a calm and valiant struggle of many days, our friend departed from these earthly scenes. His death, like his life, was characteristic of the man. With every evidence that he felt his end approaching, he sought to resist the inevitable to the very last; but when all hope had fled, and weeping friends stood helpless at his side, he calmly folded his hands upon his breast and waited for the loosing of "the silver cord."

Why should I say more? Why tell with idle words the story of his charming personality—in his home—in all the circles of his domestic life? It is enough to say that he who brightened the homes of the poor and the rich alike, whose amiable disposition shone out on every side, whose unselfish attention to duty was never failing, must have been the very sunshine of his family altar. With those who have lost so dear a friend, we too, may weep that he has gone—and yet with them we too may rejoice, that we have his noble example of manly integrity, to spur us on and on to nobler deeds of virtue.

It must not be that such a charming life can be said to have ended here. Its influence will be felt through endless channels now unknown, and be a blessing to an age unborn.

These are but the feeble pleadings of a friend who knew our late companion heart to heart—a testimony all too weak to express a fragment of our brother's worth.

As I look back upon the past, with all the stages of his progress upward, marked with well earned merit; as I contemplate him with his wonted modesty preparing to take his new gained laurels in his Alma Mater, methinks I can almost hear the Great King—in accents of supremest love—saying to him “Friend, come up higher.”

RESOLUTIONS
of the
HARLEM MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,
upon the death of
DAVID CLARK COCKS, M. D.

Death has taken from among us, in the midst of his useful and busy life, our late associate, David Clark Cocks. In his removal the Harlem Medical Association has lost one of its most active, devoted and enthusiastic members, one to whom it owes a large measure of its success and utility.

In him, we feel that we have lost not only a man eminent as a physician, but a friend pre-eminent for his kindliness, loyalty, purity and integrity. His modest, unassuming bearing, marked him as a man whose success was based on solid attainment; whose strength lay in what he was, not in what he only appeared to be.

Ever ready to help, ever slow to criticise, he won the love and respect of all who knew him.

However greatly his death may be felt by his professional associates, we appreciate most keenly how much greater must be the blow to his immediate family. To them, in their time of distress, we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

Z. L. LEONARD, M. D.

R. VAN SANTVOORD, M. D.

A. R. CARMAN, M. D.

E. FRIDENBERG, M. D.

A. H. LEARY, M. D.

Committee on Resolutions.

